

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 390. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1876.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

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MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXVI. A MORNING CALL.

It was with some trepidation that she found herself at the door of the Pringle mansion, confronted by a row of powdered menials, and was conducted to the presence of Mrs. Pringle. That lady had already gained the affable hauteur of the "grande dame," and received her guest with tranquil cordiality. As we have said, the incident with which the visitor was connected had, by force of contrast with her present splendid condition, already faded into a trivial indistinctness. So the visit brought no uneasiness. It must be added also that she felt that she was "secured" by yet another resource, which, in case of pressure, would conclude the matter in their favour. But Mrs. Dawson, seeing in a moment how the matter was to be ignored, at once collected herself for business, and felt that she must strike there and then for her Phoebe, or the day would be lost.

"And how," she is asked, "is Mr. Pringle, and, above all, Mr. Francis? I shall have to bring back the fullest news about him. Of course you know why?" she added, with a forced smile.

"Oh," said Mrs. Pringle, also smiling, "you are surely not going back to that little foolish business—"

"Foolish business!" repeated Mrs. Dawson; "your son asked my daughter to marry him, and she consented. Surely you don't call that a trifle, or foolish—at least for her?"

"There are often misunderstandings about these things; young men say such

things to every girl they meet. But, however," she added, carelessly, "I will say nothing on the point. It may be as you say. It does not concern me, of course; it rests with the young man himself. He can do as he pleases, and is quite independent of us."

This was something gained. So Mrs. Dawson glided away from the rather hostile tone she had taken up. "That is, of course, the way to look at it," she said; "we leave it to the young people themselves."

"But how odd—forgive me for saying it—that all this time you should not have mentioned it. It is more than a month now since we were at Garterley, and no communication has been made to us on so important a matter."

Mrs. Dawson felt a pang as this result of her generalship was brought home to her.

"We did not like to trouble you when we knew you were so taken up."

"Well, as I say, it rests with Francis himself. He is five-and-twenty, and we can neither restrain him, nor hinder him from taking any step he may fancy."

Here entered Sam Pringle with papers in his hands, and with a bustling pomposity. He gave a careless nod. "See," he went on, "Baddeley"—and he added, "Lord Baddeley," to let the visitor know the quality of the person he was speaking of—"has sent about those invitations—"

"Never mind them now, Samuel," his lady said, sweetly; "Mrs. Dawson has been saying something about her daughter and Francis, and a proposal of marriage. I really know nothing of it."

"Oh, my good lady, that's all rubbish."

"No, no. Not at all! As I say, it is a

matter for Francis himself. I suppose he will act according to his discretion. By-the-way, you did not let us know that you were in town, so we could not send to you; but we are having some friends to-morrow night. You and Miss Dawson had better come: it's very short notice, I know——"

"A few friends indeed," said old Sam. "You mean a big ball, and can't you say so? This is by way of fine ladyism, I suppose; never giving things right names."

There was something so secure and even careless in Mrs. Pringle's proposal, that her visitor felt a sort of chill, as though she was already worsted. She was tempted haughtily to decline this invitation: but she thought it might throw away poor Phœbe's chance. Accordingly, putting on a beaming face, she said they would be "delighted;" and thus the ladies left the unpleasant subject, and entered upon more indifferent topics. Mrs. Dawson was astonished at the change in this nouvelle riche—the dowdy, subservient agent's wife, was transferred into the grand patronising lady, with a tranquil and assured air of superiority. It was with serious misgivings, and with a sad heart, that she returned home. She determined, however, to say not a word of what had taken place to Phœbe: it would only reduce her to despair, and unfit her for the part she intended her to play on the morrow night. "I'll beat them yet," said the mother. "I have a trick or two worth all theirs."

Phœbe had been waiting anxiously to hear the news.

"All right, dear," said the mother, whose theory it was that the code of morality might always be suspended when the occasion needed. "Nothing could be better. They are giving a ball to-morrow night where you are to be the belle; so come off with me till I choose you a dress."

"And did you see—him?" asked Phœbe anxiously.

"Oh no, but you shall see him to-morrow-night, when you will eclipse them all. Come with me now."

This filling Phœbe's little soul with a whirl of anticipated delights, the prudent mother thought would be the best course. She knew Phœbe's character well: that if she entered the field with a knowledge that there was danger to be faced, or a battle to be fought, her heart would sink, and she would be without spirit

or energy. With feelings, therefore, of joy and anticipation Phœbe was taken off to choose dresses and flowers—always a delightful occupation, especially when the eminent mistress of robes graciously promised to make the fly-wheels and pistons of the millinery work at extra pressure, for the time was short. At such an hour it was to be "blocked out" on the young lady's own person; at another hour formally tried on; while the finishing touches were to be applied at another period.

During these two eventful days Phœbe's eyes sparkled tenfold more brightly, and there was a flush in her cheeks. It was all an era of anticipation, though still it was a little surprising that he did not come. Still, the great and dramatic night would settle all happily, just as that other great and delightful night at Garterley had begun it all. She had no misgivings; all was certainty, exactly as her mother intended that it should be.

The Sam Pringles' ball was, indeed, to be a remarkable event from another point of view. No one could conceive the vast amount of labour, anxiety, and expense that had been invested in the enterprise. By the exertions of the Baddeleys much had been done, those ladies exerting themselves seriously and heartily, on the ground that the two families were to be so intimately connected; though the Baddeleys themselves had hardly the pure guineastamp of fashion. Still, they did very well for beginners like the Sam Pringles. The worst was the uncertainty—the torturing anxiety—for, to the last day or two, none of the great persons who had been invited had declared whether they would attend or not; and the "nice men," who were, all in all, the spine or backbone of the party, were specially exasperating. The faces of the Pringle family grew perceptibly worn and anxious under the strain. Still there was every reason to believe it would be successful. On the other hand, it was astonishing to find that various noble persons were actually asking for invitations through male friends—Pratt-Hawkins, in particular, having come especially to convey a desire that they should invite Lady Mary Somebody, on which one of the "ponies" flew to the desk, and filled up a card, which the visitor carried off in his pocket. In other matters, the expense and magnificence were enormous. Indeed, so eager were they to expend any amount of treasure, that, had someone

offered to contract to supply noble guests at (say) twenty pounds a head, they might not have been disinclined to close with the arrangement. One great work had been undertaken, namely, the enclosing nearly the whole garden as a kind of Eastern ball-room—lit with a vast number of lamps—with a raised orchestra at one end; while new doors were broken in the walls to suit this arrangement. Flowers, in enormous profusion and at a cost as enormous, had arrived from—what the Court paper described as—the “premier” florist; while, as a matter of course, Tootle and Binney’s orchestra were to furnish the music.

The “notice” had been long enough, and Mrs. Pringle had selected the date after anxious consultations with the Baddeleys, who had promised in the kindest way to find out, if there was another “fixture,” as racing men call it, for that night. The distance was so great that there was really no need for such investigation. But rights of previous occupation or seizure are held as nothing in such cases. On the high seas of fashion the right of the strongest prevails, and the great argosy often takes from the smaller and helpless vessel what it has seized on for itself. Thus Lady Colley, of Leighton, when she determined on her “first dance,” took no more account of “those people” than if they were non-existent, but seized on their night as the most convenient one. It was destruction to the Sam Pringles, as they believed, for on the same evening there were grand concerts of various other great ladies. The matter was really not so important, but for the agonies, and fuss, and “worry,” which the juvenile candidates for the fashionable Degree displayed. An injudicious friend having unfortunately told them that the Baddeleys were “bosom friends” of the great lady, they were to learn in addition something of the faithlessness that reigns in society. They further discovered that the Baddeleys were to attend the rival ball, though they had never alluded to either of these circumstances. Mrs. Pringle, in her desperation, was, however, foolish enough to catch at the notion that the Baddeleys might prevail on the great lady to put off her performance!—an instance of simplicity that caused Lady Baddeley a genuine fit of laughter.

“My dear!” was her candid answer, “she does not know of your existence.

Such a thing was never heard of. When you have lived a little longer in town, you will see the ludicrousness of the idea. Oh no! Beginners are always liable to little failures of this kind. But you will do very well.”

Thus the baited and harried family spent those days of torment and anxiety, until the night came round.

It was a great moment when, the lamps being all lighted, and the last touches given, Mrs. Pringle took up her position at the drawing-room door, the “ponies” a little behind, with Sam Pringle, alas! in one of his most jocose veins; though his family implored him piteously, for once, to have some restraint. Already she felt an awe, as the house was in possession of an enormous band of strangers—men in white ties—to whom she felt she could give no directions, being helplessly ignorant, and who, indeed, with a smile of compassion, persisted in putting aside any feeble instructions that were offered. Old Sam had, of course, placed himself on an odious footing of familiarity with the whole party; proposing already that they should have drink, which, however, those blasé attendants put aside as inopportune at that stage. One of the “ponies” had, indeed, heard their open ridicule of the master of the house, which took the shape of:

“Did you ever meet such a rum old card!”

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

MOST of us have heard the oft-repeated saying, that “one half the world does not know how the other half lives;” but it is only after a more or less long sojourn in India that we can realise the fact, that less than half the people in the world do not understand how the rest of their fellow-creatures travel. A journey by rail in Europe, and the same mode of progression in the East, may sound very much one and the same thing; but the river in Macedon and the river in Monmouth are not more different. It is true that railway travelling in Bombay, Bengal, and Madras is still in its infancy. Men, now barely past middle age, remember the day when there was not a mile of rail open throughout our Eastern Empire; and it is not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years since the iron horse was first seen by the wondering natives of Western India. Unless our memory betrays us, the

siege of Sebastopol had commenced, and the battle of Balaklava had been fought, when the thirty miles of railway between Bombay and Tanna was opened, in the presence of the late Lord Elphinstone, then governor of that Presidency. This first instalment of thirty miles of rail now extends in the direction of Madras to Raichoor, a distance of about four hundred and fifty miles, and in another to Jubbulpoor, which is upwards of six hundred miles from Bombay. And this, be it remembered, only make up the extent of one line, viz., that of the Great Indian Peninsular, better known throughout India as the G. I. P. Railway.

In the letters from special correspondents with the Prince of Wales, we have occasionally read of his royal highness and suite going from Madras to Madras, or from Calcutta to Lucknow, or from Delhi to Lahore. And we are apt to look upon these journeys much the same as we would one from London to Brighton, from Preston to Perth, or from Carlisle to Inverness. But in reality it is far otherwise. The distances which have to be traversed in India by rail are something enormous. An individual going to spend a few days in the neighbourhood of Inverness, leaves London by the limited mail-train at forty-five minutes past eight in the evening. He breakfasts comfortably at Perth; reaches Inverness in time for a late lunch at forty-five minutes past two in the afternoon, and even should he have a dozen or twenty miles to drive to his destination, is there in plenty of time to dress comfortably before a seven o'clock dinner. But it is quite otherwise in India. Take, for instance, a trip from Bombay to Calcutta. The traveller leaves the former place at six o'clock in the evening—he is all that night, the whole of the following day, a second night, and a large portion of the third day, in the train; and may consider himself very fortunate if, having left the Byculla station in Bombay on Monday evening, he is in his hotel in Calcutta by mid-day on Thursday. Nor is this by any means the longest trip he will undertake during a sojourn in the East. On one occasion the special correspondents with the Prince saw his royal highness embark at Madras for Calcutta. Not being able to proceed with the fleet, they had to go round overland. They left Madras by the mail-train, as it were, on Monday evening, and it was nearly mid-day on Saturday before they reached the City of Palaces. There were no stoppages to speak of on the road; they did not break

their journey from end to end; the trains kept up a fair pace the whole way; and yet it took them five nights and four and a half days to reach their destination.

But great as the distances are in India, and exhausting as it must be to the nervous system to have to travel so far at a stretch, this is not the most disagreeable feature connected with railway locomotion in that country. Curious to say, the natives of all classes, castes, and creeds, who as a rule are the most difficult people in the world to adopt any novelty, have taken to railway travelling as readily as if they had been born in a land where the steam-whistle had been heard for half a century. Wherever there is a line of rail the natives now travel by it, and by no other means. As a matter of course, even the richest among them select the cheapest mode of transit—they would not be Orientals if they did otherwise. The first and second-class passenger traffic is almost abandoned; in fact, the carriages of the latter are rarely, if ever, occupied save by European officials, or officers, or others of the white governing class. To save a few rupees even a well-to-do native will always travel third class; and what the third-class carriages are must be seen to be believed. In the tightest packed compartment of the South Western Railway on the day of the boat-race there is ease, luxury, and comfort, compared to what the third-class carriages in India are, for perhaps hundreds of miles. To make matters more pleasant, the native travellers strip themselves to the waist. They perspire freely; and the result is, to put it in the mildest form, an effluvia which is very much the reverse of pleasant. As a rule, the natives of India, and more particularly the lower classes, have no more idea of time than a negro in tropical Africa has of skating. Thus, for instance, a native wants to proceed, let us say, from Baroda to Surat. He learns that the train will start at ten o'clock in the morning; but to him ten o'clock in the morning is like every hour, except sunrise and sunset—an unknown quantity. He has, however, nothing particular to do, and so, determined to be in time, he arrives at the station about six o'clock in the morning. If it is summer time he, more than likely, arrives an hour or two earlier. He has with him, perhaps, his wife and two or three children to see him off, and to bid him God-speed on the route; or he is accompanied to the station by a dozen or more neighbours or friends.

If he is a rich man these friends may number thirty, forty, or fifty. Should he be going a considerable distance, say to Bombay, a hundred or more of his fellow-townsmen will come to see him depart. And be it remembered that he is by no means a solitary instance of a traveller whose acquaintances come to see him start. There are, perhaps, three hundred, five hundred, or seven hundred going in the same train; and each of these individuals makes a point of coming to the station three or four hours before the train starts, and is accompanied by a score or more friends. Of course they are not admitted on to the platform, or even into the station, so long before the proper time; therefore they sit on their hams outside, chewing sugar-cane, eating sweetmeats, and chattering away to each other like so many overgrown children. The noise, the confusion, and the stench of this assembled multitude can hardly be imagined by those who have not seen a similar assemblage. The patience and good nature exhibited towards them by the English railway officials is not the least surprising part of the whole affair. But the orders from high quarters in this respect are very peremptory. It is the third-class passenger traffic that pays the railway companies in India best, and therefore it is the third class to which almost every other traffic has to give way. Not the least ludicrous of native travellers' peculiarities is the enormous quantity of luggage, or rather of belongings, that they bring with them. It is no uncommon thing to see a family, consisting of one man, his wife, and child, take to the railway a large charpoy, or native bed, a bundle of sugar-cane about half-a-donkey load in size, a dozen or more copper pots for cooking, a huge bag full of rice, an equal quantity of flour, and perhaps twenty or thirty pounds of ghee or clarified butter in which to cook their food. How all this is packed away, or how, at the journey's end, each traveller gets his own property—for it must be remembered none of it is marked—are problems difficult, if not impossible, to solve. As the time for the departure of the train draws near, the confusion becomes greater and greater, and achieves its climax when the ticket-office is opened. In England, as we all know, the delivery of a passenger ticket barely takes up thirty seconds. The traveller states his destination, and the class he wishes to travel by; he pays his money; the clerk clips the ticket in a machine;

delivers it over, and the transaction is at an end. But it is very different in India. The native fights his way to the window. The clerk tells him, let us say, that one rupee six annas is the fare. But the native has all his life been accustomed to have been asked one price, and pay another, for what he wants. He cannot see why he should not, at any rate, try to cheapen his railway ticket as well as anything else. He first, perhaps, asks whether the clerk would not take one rupee two annas. The clerk, as a matter of course, says no, and not unfrequently uses a certain amount of bad language. He then proposes one rupee four annas; and it is only when the policeman outside the ticket-window threatens to put him away altogether, that he takes out his money-bag and pays out the coin as slowly and with as much apparent pain as if someone were drawing his teeth. Nor does the transaction come to an end then. To recoup himself in some slight manner, he tries hard to pass off upon the ticket-clerk one or more worthless coins, and as they are refused he gesticulates, screams, swears, and laments in a most heartbroken manner. But let us not be too hard upon him. His love of money is his second nature. He may be a Moslem, a Parsee, a Hindoo, or a Jew; a Brahmin, a Rajpote, or a Paria; the rupee is his god, and the only god which he worships. Let us imagine four or five hundred natives about to take their departure by the train, and we shall have some faint idea what a ticket-clerk in India has to go through in the performance of his duty.

But even when our dusky friend has got his passenger ticket delivered to him, the infliction he entails upon the railway establishment is only half over. He has to go to a Baboo, or native writer, to have his luggage weighed, registered, and to pay for the excess in weight. If parting with coin for his railway ticket brought upon him pains of purgatory, the agonies he has now to go through may be called infernal. He is, perhaps, bound for Bombay, and has heard at the bazaar that rice and flour are so much a maund dearer in that town than in his native place. He therefore determines to take with him a supply of food for the eight or ten days he purposes staying at the Presidency. But, like many a wiser man, he reckons without his host—or rather without the freight he will have to pay by railway. He sees in a moment that

even the small tax he has to pay on these articles will entirely defeat his economical projects. But what is to be done? He has brought the flour, the rice, and the ghee all the way from his home, which is, perhaps, miles off. He cannot leave them behind, for that indeed would be throwing good money after bad, so his only resource is to try and save something by cheating the railway clerk. And so, never for a moment seeming to think but what he can beat down the price of the freight, he sets to work to bargain as he did for his railway ticket, but ends by having to pay the full demand. The scene inside the railway station about this time fairly baffles description. Hundreds are fighting and bargaining for their tickets, scores are doing the same for the freight of their baggage. The railway whistles sound, the station bell rings, but all to no purpose. It is rare, indeed, except in the large Presidential towns, that a train ever starts within half an hour of the time advertised. At last, slowly and by degrees, the third-class carriages begin to fill. For every native traveller who goes on the platform, a dozen or more go to see him off, as we have already remarked. The platform is consequently as crowded as if ten trains were about to start. When any native present wants to find a friend, he does not look for him or even call him in a moderate tone of voice, but screams at the utmost power of his lungs, repeating the name of the person sought for again and again. When several score of persons indulge in this performance, the effect can be imagined.

Although very few in number, there are always some first and second class carriages attached to each train. In the second class those who travel are generally English soldiers, going from one station to another with free tickets, or half-caste government clerks, or the native servants of those who go in the first class. Occasionally, although rarely, a native of respectability and wealth has a second-class carriage reserved for himself and the women of his family. In the first class travel almost exclusively military and civil officers, merchants, and other Englishmen. These carriages are really comfortable, each passenger having room to lie down all night; and there are rarely more than four or five in each compartment. To the first-class carriages there is also a small washing closet attached, with water laid on from a tank in the roof of the

carriage. But when the Prince was in India the other day, the crowd and crush of Europeans was almost as bad, though in a different degree, to that of the natives. Everybody wanted either to precede, to join, or follow the Prince and his party. The consequence was that the first-class accommodation in each train was an illustration of the old joke, about three beds for four men, and each man to have a bed for himself. Happy were those travellers who, through interest with the railway officials, could obtain a reserved carriage between two or three. If lying-down room can be obtained, those who are fortunate enough to secure it do not suffer half the fatigue that they do when sitting up all night. For instance, when the present writer went from Madras to Calcutta—a journey, as we have said before, which occupies four days and five nights—he and two others were fortunate enough to secure a reserved compartment for themselves. They turned in as if they were going to bed regularly every evening between nine and ten o'clock, and enjoyed a sound sleep until daybreak. The consequence of their getting this rest was, that upon their arrival in Calcutta, on the forenoon of the fifth day, they were fresh and ready for anything. On the other hand, in a journey from Lahore to Agra, when the train was so full that no lying-down room could possibly be procured, the same party were utterly prostrate and worn out when they arrived at their destination, notwithstanding the fact that they were only one night en route, and the whole journey lasted rather less than twenty-seven hours.

Any new arrival in India must be somewhat astonished at seeing the preparations which an habitué in the country makes, when night approaches, so as to sleep comfortably in the train. The experienced traveller sets to work deliberately to undress; coat, waistcoat, and trousers are taken off, and stowed away till the morrow. He then clothes himself in a very loose flannel-jacket and a pair of still looser pyjamas, or sleeping-drawers, and makes ready the couch allotted to him on which to sleep. Strapped up with his overcoats and rugs, he is certain to have a couple of small handy pillows, and a rassai, or quilted cotton bed-cover. The pillows he places at the head of his sofa or bench, adjusts the rassai as a mattress on which to sleep; covers himself with any rug or ulster he may have handy; takes a final "peg," as the tumbler of soda and

brandy is called in India; lights a final cheroot or cigarette; and the chances are, before the latter is smoked out, he has penetrated far into the Land of Nod.

As an almost universal rule, Anglo-Indians, when in the East, keep very early hours. The custom of rising at the first peep of day, in order to get a constitutional ride or walk in the cool of the morning, entails upon them the habit of eating what is called the *chota-hazare*, literally the small breakfast, or breakfast number one. Mindful of this, the railway officials so arrange that every train shall stop about daybreak, so as to allow the European passengers to partake of this preliminary meal. After a night in an Indian railway-carriage this custom is most opportune. The moment the train stops, the comparatively few English passengers are seen rushing in every kind of eccentric night costume, to the room where tea, coffee, boiled eggs, and bread and butter await them. Nor are the ladies behindhand in coming forth for refreshment. They manage somehow to stow away their hair, to don a waterproof cloak, ulster, or shawl, and put in an appearance, looking as fresh as if they had just come out of an English dressing-room. The scene in the eating-room is a busy one. Two cups of tea, a couple of boiled eggs, and a proportionate allowance of bread and butter, is not considered a large quantity for a healthy Anglo-Indian to consume at this his number-one breakfast. Those who provide the refreshments are also fully equal to the occasion. If they provide enough in quantity, they take care to make profit both in charges and in the quality of the tea or coffee. The solids are generally excellent, but the liquids worse than anything that can be conceived by those who have not tasted them. The native travellers also turn out of their various compartments, and after their own custom refresh themselves with a little water, a few sweetmeats, some fruit, and a general scratching of themselves all over the body. In ten minutes the bell rings. A rupee (two shillings) is hastily collected from each passenger who has partaken of the refreshment, and the train is once more en route for its destination. Now comes the time of dressing and preparing for the day. An unwritten law makes it quite admissible for pygamas and night-jackets to be worn at the *chota-hazare* station. But later on in the day it would be deemed an outrage on social etiquette to

dress differently than travellers do in other parts of the world. During the ten minutes' halt the first-class carriages are generally swept out and cleaned; and as soon as the train gets under way, beds are rolled up, pillows and night-costumes put aside, travelling bags opened; hair brushes, towels, and even razors got out; each passenger takes his turn in the washing compartment, and in half an hour the first-class carriages contain no more sleepers, but gentlemen and ladies dressed much the same as if they were travelling from London to Brighton. Of ladies, be it understood, there are generally but few to be met with in India, and those who travel in that country are either invariably in a compartment by themselves, or else accompanied by their husbands, fathers, or brothers.

As the day goes on, travellers may be seen lying at full length in their compartments, and the chances are that nine out of ten are occupied in perusing cheap railway novels. It is wonderful how this category of literature has increased in India. Five or six years ago these cheap reprints of standard authors could only be procured at the Presidency towns, and even there only to a limited extent. But now at every railway station where there is a refreshment-room, you can get them in as great plenty as they are procurable at the Paddington, the South Western, or the London and Brighton stations.

The first two or three hours after passengers dress and make themselves comfortable for the day are, by many degrees, the most enjoyable in Indian railway travelling. But after that—after the dew of the night has been dried up by the sun—the demon of dust takes possession of the carriages and all they contain. Railway dust in India has peculiarities which are not found in any other dust in the world. It is not very fine, in fact it is more like grit than dust; it is black in colour, and seems to penetrate everywhere. It invades the hair, it fills the eyes, it gets into the nose, it is found in the ears, it does not respect your mouth, and your very skin takes it in at the pores. In no part of the world was there ever dust like this dust. After an hour or two's exposure to its annoyance the best-tempered man gets cross, the healthiest people become feverish, and the mildest-spoken amongst us is apt to use the worst of bad language. When the train stops for breakfast, as it usually does about ten o'clock, a second wash of the

hands and face is absolutely necessary before you can sit down in any comfort to the meal provided. Not that the said meal, as a rule, has any peculiar attractions. There are plenty of dishes to select from, but all so greasy, and the meat so tough that the very best of appetites get disgusted long before they are satisfied. The price charged is, however, of the most liberal kind—that is to say, liberal to those who have to receive the money. For a tough mutton-chop and an uneatable curry, and a pint of sour claret, the tariff is generally about two-and-a-half rupees—five shillings. The train again moves on, and passengers once more betake themselves to the recumbent position and to railway novels. In about four hours—that is to say, about two o'clock—there is a stoppage of half an hour for tiffin, or luncheon. This meal is generally but a repetition of the breakfast, the only difference being that you are generally charged a little higher than at the former repast. Then comes the afternoon with more dust than ever, and a generally successful attempt on the part of the passengers to get an hour or two's sleep. At seven, or half-past, you stop for dinner, and partake of another meal, very like the two preceding, save that the addition of soup causes an increase in charge, generally amounting to one rupee—two shillings. For dinner the train generally stops an hour or so. When it gets under way once more, passengers begin to put on their night-gear, and prepare for sleeping during the dark hours. Thus the day ends only to be repeated on the morrow, and again on the next day, until the journey happily comes to an end.

Railways in India are divided into two classes, those called the Guaranteed Lines and those which are entitled State Railways. The former have all been built by joint-stock companies, the Government guaranteeing the shareholders a dividend of not less than five per cent. The State Railways are built by the State and managed by engineers and officials appointed by Government. Of recent years all the new lines belong to the latter category, as the Indian Government finds it cheaper to borrow money at four per cent. and build their own, than to guarantee five per cent. to shareholders of other lines. The immense changes that railways have worked in India are only known to those who were acquainted with the country before the snort of the iron horse was heard, and have since travelled over parts of that

great empire. For instance, fifteen or twenty years ago, any person going from Bombay to Calcutta took at least twelve or fifteen days if he went by sea, and a couple of months if he proceeded by land; but he can now get over the journey in three nights and three days by rail. Before, and for some years after the great mutiny, troops proceeding from England to India took three and a half or four months to reach Calcutta, and had then a three months' march before them before they arrived at our frontier stations in the north-west. But now, thanks to the Suez Canal and the continuous line of railways, a regiment may embark on the first of the month at Portsmouth, and by the fifth of the following month be safely housed at the barracks of Rawal Pindi or Peshawur. In short, India is fast becoming, if indeed it has not already become, as small as the rest of the world. The inhabitants of the Punjab and the citizens of Bombay are no longer strangers to each other. A military officer, quartered in Madras, may pay a visit to a friend in the Deccan, remain with him two or three weeks, and rejoin his corps within a month after he left it. Merchandise and produce which formerly were hardly worth buying or selling—the inland carriage being so very expensive—are now transferred from the farthest countries of our eastern territories to the sea-ports in the south or west of India with the utmost facility. In no country in the world has the iron rail worked so many changes as it has in India, and in no country is it likely to work greater. Travelling in Hindostan is certainly hotter, more dilatory, and more uncomfortable than travelling in Europe; but nowhere are the facilities of locomotion on the lines more thoroughly appreciated than they are in that great eastern land.

HYGIENIC PRECEPTS.

MAXIMS are like pills. To do any good, two or three at a time, two or three times a day, are a sufficient dose. More would disorder the mental functions. If, on the present occasion, a larger number are offered to choose from, they can be treated like the medicines in a druggist's window—i.e., looked at now, and appropriated at discretion.

The consequence of this enforced moderation is, that many people have their

favourite maxim, exactly as they have their favourite pill. Nor is the analogy weakened by the fact that samples of each article exist, possessing discrepant tendencies and qualities. Some are tonic, others relaxing; some urge enterprise—"Nothing venture, nothing have;" others inculcate prudence—"Festina lente," "Slow and steady wins the race," "Look before you leap," and "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure." Some may be taken without inconvenience while travelling—"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;" others require the patient to remain snug and warm at home—"The rolling stone gathers no moss."

We often find maxims interspersed in books, whence we cull them, as children pick out plums from pudding; which shows that the human race has an instinctive craving after maxims. Collections of maxims, of sufficient merit, are almost sure to take their place in a literature as standard works, from the Wise Man's Book of Proverbs, to the printed slashes of Rochefoucauld's dissecting-knife. America now presents her contribution, in *How to Live Long; or, Health Maxims, Physical, Mental, and Moral*. By W. W. Hall, A.M., M.D.—an inexpensive little book, which is well worth buying. The author has the wisdom not to recommend that his advice should be taken in all at once. He only attempts to communicate general principles, in short phrase, few words, and disconnected sentences, to be taken up and laid down at a moment's notice, on steamship, tramway, packet, or rail-car, at such odds and ends of time as fall to the lot of travellers and others. Many who would not give up the time needful to hear a lecture or read a book, are thus enticed to peruse a paragraph now and then in reference to the care of the body—and of the mind also—which, being put into practice, may have an important bearing, Dr. Hall hopes, in the prolongation of the reader's life. Amen; so may it be. The present writer desires nothing better, especially as the doctor's maxim-pills are for the most part excellent, although—which is no wonder, seeing that there are fourteen hundred and eight of them—a few may be looked at twice before swallowing.

It is delightful to find a maxim-maker or collector stopping up the wheel-rut of long-used and antiquated prejudice. "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," is a bitter pill to many. We don't like it, but we dare not say a

word against it. We take it only when imperious necessity forces it down our throats. Getting up in the cold by candle-light has caused as many wry faces as Epsom salts. Ugh! If it must be, here goes then! Off fly the bedclothes! Down goes the dose! When you really are in for a thing, it is no use shirking or trying to do it by halves. Quick! Bring the hot cup of tea or coffee, to wash away all matutinal disagreeables.

Relief from this ugly quarter of an hour is offered by our American mentor. If we believe him—and grateful thousands will; ever since I have read his book, my hot water has been brought up three-quarters of an hour later—"Early to rise" is all error and nonsense. It is not healthy, we are told, in any country, at any season of the year, or at any time of life, to get up early habitually; the old are better rested by lying late, even if not asleep, while the young require all the sleep they can get. In all latitudes, in warm weather, the morning air, although feeling cool and fresh, is laden with the pestiferous miasma. In winter the atmosphere, before breakfast, is so cold and chilly and searching, that it fairly shrivels up man and beast, chilling to the very marrow sometimes. Hence, the average duration of human life would be increased, and the amount of sickness largely diminished, by late, rather than early rising, as all the older nations full well know and practise.

After this, it is a necessary consequence that "the last thing a man should sell is his bedstead;" but in reality it is considered by the ignorant and unfortunate poor as the most dispensable thing in the house. Hence, sickness is soon added to their poverty—"a most unhappy combination." The reason for not parting with one's bedstead is, that the carbonic acid gas, expired at each breath and combined with moisture, is heavier than common air, and settles near the floor. Moral: never sleep on a shake-down—unless on a table, dresser, sofa, shelf, or other raised support—if you can help it, especially when several sleepers are crowded in the same dormitory.

Our author would forgive the sluggard, whom Dr. Watts heard complain, "You have waked me too soon; let me slumber again." He never tires of bestowing hard knocks on early rising. It is a great mistake to get up two or three hours earlier than usual, to do "a good day's work," as it is called; because sleep, which is the foundation of strength to work, being cut

short that much, there is no more strength to be used during the day, and not as much as if the full amount of sleep had been gotten. Again: said the author of *Ten Years in Eastern Lands* to his Chinese servant, "Did you ever see the sun-rise?" "No, sir; nor have I ever known a man who did." The nations of the Old World, from centuries of observation, have learned that it is better not to rise very early, and to eat something before they go out to work. Besides urging us to take a liberal allowance of rest, the doctor tells us how to sleep, with such full directions and explanations as to deserve from all good sleepers, his admiring disciples, the presentation of a testimonial, in the shape of a model bedstead and fittings.

Health and wealth are coupled together, by reason as well as by rhyme. Dr. Hall proves it logically, and he is supported by other experts. "The mental states," he says, "have a more controlling influence over the bodily condition than most persons imagine." Now a well-known ditty, made up of truisms, sings, or sighs, "Want of money makes us sad." Ergo, incoming money rejoices us, beneficially affects our mental state, and improves our health. According to our aphorist, of two persons taking exercise for the health—one walking five miles to a post, and then walking back again, another receiving an encouraging remuneration for the same—the latter would derive many-fold more benefit. If my expenses are paid to South America and back, with a handsome honorarium besides for every article describing it, the voyage is much more beneficial than if travel were its own reward, and I had simply the satisfaction of ascertaining whether the Patagonians were coffee-coloured, chocolate, or cocoa. Has not *ALL THE YEAR ROUND* told us that a Billingsgate salesman is consoled, for being called a "bummaree," by earning ten or fifteen pounds of a morning, before most West-enders are out of bed? Would he get up at four in the morning, to be called a bummaree, and act as such, for the mere pleasure of early rising? Could he do it?

Dr. Hall holds that there are not a few maladies of mind and body which would rapidly disappear on embarking in a successful pecuniary enterprise, or on being promoted to a position of ease, distinction, and power. All ranks, professions, and conditions of men and women experience the exhilarating effects of cash. A Parisian

actress, oppressed by low spirits, wrote to a friend for a little money. He sent her a bank-note in a billet-doux, stating, "Herewith are inclosed a thousand francs, and ten thousand compliments." With polite promptness she answered, "Thank you for both. They have done me good. Nevertheless, I should have preferred a thousand compliments and ten thousand francs."

Dr. Foissac reminds us that, according to the alchymists, gold has the property of restoring youth, and prolonging life indefinitely. Avicenna recommended it for affections of the heart, weakness of sight, and mental prostration; Hahnemann for hypochondria and melancholy, but in infinitesimal doses, whereas, to do any good, it should be administered in considerable quantities. Thus Bouvard cured an unhappy wretch who, after a series of losses, had fallen into a low state of mind, with a decidedly suicidal tendency, by the simplest of prescriptions—namely, a cheque for thirty thousand francs. This is only a confirmation of the transatlantic notion that legitimate money-making, by any congenial employment which is encouragingly remunerative, is a most efficient medicine. It inspires a man with higher self-respect, enlivens the spirits, invigorates the circulation, and wakes up the whole man to a new energy, adding a lease to life of at least ten per cent. It gives more fire to his eye, more animation to his face, a firmer tread, a more elastic step, and a happier heart.

Therefore, my son, make money; honestly, if you can.

Keep your mouth shut. This is not meant to intimate that, if speech may be silver, silence is gold; nor that the sage turns his tongue seven times in his mouth before he utters a word. Still less is it intended to contradict the advice to open your mouth and shut your eyes, whenever good things are falling from the skies. By no means. The eyes may be kept open as much as you please; one eye even during sleep. It is a purely literal and material injunction to keep the mouth shut and the nostrils open, for the benefit solely of the throat and lungs, though teeth inclined to ache may profit by the precaution. Maxim one hundred and twenty-fifth informs you that at all times, seasons, and places, it is better to cultivate the habit of keeping the mouth shut, and breathing through the nose exclusively. This tempers the air in its passage through the head to the lungs, develops the chest, and keeps bugs, flies,

and worms from crawling down the throat into the stomach during sleep.

You ask what you are to do if suffering from a bad cold in the head; or if an enthusiastic and impassioned snuff-taker; or if deaf, and unable to hear distinctly sounds which do not strike the palate. You inquire in vain; the inflexible rule is that every person should be his own respirator. For keeping the mouth shut saves strength in walking; modifies excessive perspiration in sleep; prevents the vacant appearance so observable in country people when they come to the city; supplies the lungs more regularly with air; tempers a cold atmosphere in its passage to the lungs through the circuit of the head; and tends, by the deeper breathing, to the greater development of the breathing organs. We bow acquiescence in these weighty reasons, simply stipulating for liberty to open the mouth at meal-times. Dr. Hall permits, and even inculcates, the practice. Life, he says, is warmth, growth, repair, and power to labour; and all these are derived from the food we eat and the fluids we drink—and these should be good. Moreover, the best protection against sickness and pestilential maladies is good living; which means an abundant supply of nutritious food well prepared. Nevertheless, eating and drinking, to benefit, must be rationally conducted. Never eat or drink a new or rare thing late in the day, or just before going to church, or on a journey; it may disturb the system inconveniently. To eat long, eat slow; rapid eaters die early. Irrational eating is only another form of poisoning oneself. A little miss in Western Pennsylvania, just entering her teens, ate twelve saucerfuls of ice-cream, and died in two hours. From which Dr. Hall deduces the inference that a person may have too much of a good thing, and that it would be rather better not to eat twelve ice-creams at a single sitting. A hearty meal, taken while excessively fatigued, has often destroyed life. A talented editor of a popular magazine rode all day, some ten years ago, eating nothing since breakfast, taking a very hearty dinner late in the night, when hungry and fatigued. Soon after he went to bed, and has not yet got up. So if you want to get up perfectly well any morning, do not eat a hearty supper late at night when weak, tired, and exhausted.

But it is not only what goes into the mouth that kills, but often what comes

out of it. Scolding wives are particularly unhealthy; so are incessantly fault-finding husbands. A snappish son will shorten his mother's life, and a perpetually pert and unkind daughter will plant a deadly thorn in her father's heart. A sour look, an impatient gesture, a cross word at the breakfast-table, is enough to make the best food indigestible and spoil a day. And what is the most frequent excitant of all those evil influences—in America, at least? The answer is, that many a household, once happy, has become a very pandemonium—the husband a tyrant, the wife a virago, an unendurable shrew—from the influence which a dyspeptic stomach has on the mind, the temper, and the heart. In dyspepsia, the whole character of the individual gradually changes for the worse. The most placid man grows petulant and irritable; the loving heart becomes estranged by groundless suspicions; the cheery face wears an expressive sadness; while all that was once joyous, and hopeful, and glad, goes out at length into the night of settled melancholy, confirmed madness, or terrible suicide.

Who, then, would not strive to escape the horrors threatened by dyspepsia, whose almost universal cause is eating too fast, too often, and too much? No medicine ever cured, or can cure, dyspepsia. The infallible remedy is to eat plain, nourishing food regularly, and to live out of doors, industriously. A good laugh is anti-dyspeptic. A light heart insures a good digestion. Nature's instincts are often a better guide for food than reason; as she craves that, the distinctive elements of which are needed in the system. No man's likes or dislikes for a particular article of food should be made a rule for another. Sameness of food is a great drawback to the health, for Nature demands a variety of elements. Never persuade a child to eat, or compel him to eat, what he does not like; it is an unreasonable tyranny. To take a meal in silence at the family table is unphilosophical, and hurtful both to the stomach and the heart. Encourage laughing and talking among children at the table; it promotes circulation of the blood, and prevents fast and over-eating. The noisiest children are generally the healthiest. It is better to hear a boisterous laugh than a pitiful moan. Perhaps this dread of, and these warnings against, the national disease dyspepsia, which crop up unexpectedly on distant pages, to make sure that the reader shall

not forget them, are the result of our preceptor's observation of American habits especially. Not a few maxims are plainly stamped with the mark of their transatlantic origin, which is not in the least disavowed, and which does not render them less valuable. We can honour the independent and adventurous spirit which maintains that the first step towards an unsuccessful life is to accept a salaried office; for you sell your independence to the appointing power, and cease to be a man. The fascination of salaried positions is but too often the fascination of a serpent which beguiles but to destroy. Be your own master and master of your calling, and you will soon become the master of others. The principle is insisted on, even to harshness. The business of the world could not be carried on without subordinates—assistants, clerks—who must be paid by salaries, unless they are made partners. The men of the United Kingdom can hardly be reproached with slavishness, and therefore need not take offence—the cap does not fit them; but there are innumerable employés, in the highly-centralised governments of the Continent, who might wince a little, if told that, to be content to live on a salary, and thus be dependent for a living on the whim or caprice of another, is the mark of an ignoble mind; for it implies a want of proper self-respect and of an independent spirit, and its tendency is to induce a fawning, cringing, and subservient disposition. So much for the receivers of salaries. Payers of the same are advised never to begrudge a liberal salary to an able clergyman, to a competent teacher, or a good cook. But if all the world in America refused remuneration by salary, there would exist there neither clergymen, teachers, nor cooks.

In a country where "helps" are scarce, it is a good thing to be able to help oneself. Therefore to know how to keep a tidy house and well-aired apartments, to know how to select the best kinds of food, to know how to prepare them in the best manner—these are good things, and every daughter should learn them before marriage. The young lady who can make a boast of her ignorance of all household duties, should be allowed to become an old maid. That a good wife is the greatest of earthly blessings, is doubly true if a man is what his wife makes him. Make marriage, therefore, a matter of moral judgment. Marry in your own religion, but marry into a different blood

and temperament from your own. Never both of you be angry at once; never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire. Always leave home with loving words, for they may be the last.

A frank confession is pleasant to light upon. It is not a Britisher who considers it no wonder that most Americans who have lived awhile abroad, have an ever-present desire, and pleasantly cherish the hope, that they may be able to go back again. It is because there is a quiet and a composure there to which, at home, they are strangers. Taking Great Britain and France and Germany together, there is more enjoyment, more that is pleasurable in domestic and social life, than there is in the United States, because there the masses merely aim to maintain their place. Americans are constantly striving, with all the energies of their nature, to get up higher. They may be at a disadvantage in foreign lands, and yet there is a kind of fascination to many in living abroad, because the money has been provided before they left home, and they are relieved from the details of business and housekeeping. They are more retired, because those around them do not feel sufficient interest in them to notice them very particularly; and they are treated with more deference, it being taken for granted that they have plenty of money. And then, again, they escape that dreadful hurry and drive, and that unceasing striving to keep up appearances and to rise, which is the bane of American life, and is not unknown to English life.

Dr. Hall, in reference to this restless incapacity for repose and quiet, opines that much that is mischievous has been written about improving every moment and the criminality of wasting time. The Almighty "rested" in His work of creation, and so must the creature man. A great college don used to urge from the pulpit the advantage of saving spare moments, by always having a book at hand to read, while waiting for a vehicle or visitor, or at table. He died early and demented. The safest and best remedies in the world are rest, abstinence, and warmth.

Cold is the greatest enemy of old age. Warmth is the heaven of threescore years and ten; it gives life to the blood, activity to the circulation, and vigour to the whole frame. Even for threescore, abundant and uninterrupted warmth is the best insurer against sudden death. The late Duke of Wellington, we are told, at fourscore, kept

such huge fires burning in his apartments that those who came to visit him were compelled to leave in a very few moments. But he kept up only that amount of heat which was comfortable to himself; and so should all the old, all invalids, and those of frail constitution. This one precaution by such would be a very great protection to health and life.

To the young, warmth is of not less vital importance. Whenever a lady feels that a shawl is comfortable in her house, then she may be sure that there should be a good fire somewhere. Putting out house-fires too early in the spring, and deferring their kindling too long in the fall—cause many a tedious illness, many a premature death. The former gives rise to spring fevers, which are the reaction of a cold or a chill; the latter to colds or agues, which are to worry and annoy all winter. Ventilation is a good thing, yet many persons are ventilation mad. To enter a public vehicle when heated by a previous walk, and to open a window because the air feels close, is to invite death. It is less dangerous to faint in an impure warm air, than to risk an attack of inflammation of the lungs by a draught of cold pure air. Whatever causes a chill, can cause inflammation of the lungs, which never comes on without a chill.

Avoid a chill, wherever you be,
For getting a chill was the death of me.

So we will maintain good fires, bundle up well before going outdoors, keep our mouths closed against frosty air, eat three meals a day and not an atom more, reading now and then, and digesting a bit of *How to Live Long*, in which it would be unkind to point out a few flaws and errors, when there is so much that is good.

ETON.

To begin with the beginning, Eton, as "every schoolboy" knows, was founded in 1440 by Henry the Sixth, and its constitution comprised, in the first instance, besides the school, a provost and fellows, with sundry clerks, choristers, and almoners. It was, in fact, until 1870—when its collegiate character was practically abolished by the absorption of the provost and fellows into a governing body—not only a school, but a college. Indeed, for a very long time, public attention was more concerned with the rich emoluments enjoyed by the provosts and

fellows of Eton, than with the working of the school. These offices, which soon fell to the disposal of the ruling power in the State—whether the sovereign or his ministers—were much sought after; and Eton can count among her provosts many men of high ability and fame. Of these may be mentioned William Waynflete, Sir Thomas Smith, Sir Henry Savile, Sir Henry Wotton, Francis Rous (Speaker of the "Barebones" Parliament), and others whose names, though high among their contemporaries, have since been almost forgotten. An amusing story is told of one of them, Richard Allestree, who held office in 1665-80, and is said to have owed his appointment to his ugliness. Some cavaliers, says tradition, were discussing the personal appearance of Lauderdale, when the Merry Monarch challenged any one of them to produce an uglier man in half an hour. Lord Rochester accepted the challenge, went out, and presently returned with Allestree, whom he had met in the street, just as he was despairing of success in his search. The king owned himself beaten; and then, turning to Allestree, apologised for his rudeness, and made him a promise of preferment, which was not forgotten when the provostship of Eton fell vacant. Bacon tried for this post after his disgrace, but without success.

Henry's foundation provided for seventy scholars; but he doubtless expected that many boys of independent means would also seek their education at Eton; and soon after the dissolution of the monasteries we find mention of them in considerable numbers. At the present time these boys, called the "oppidans," form by far the greatest part of the school, the scholars, or "collegers," being still only seventy in number.

The early records of the school are scanty. The earliest letter from an Eton boy extant is that written in 1479 by Master William Paston to his brother, and included in the famous Paston Letters. This document does not throw much light on the condition of Eton, being, indeed, much the sort of letter that any schoolboy might write now. He acknowledges money received; speaks expectantly of some figs and raisins which his brother tells him are on the road; and in a later letter hints that a further supply of money might be acceptable. He must have been rather a precocious youth though, for he had fallen in love, and enters into a full and grave account of the young gentlewoman's

person and prospects. We hear of Eton boys at this time being amused by the king's minstrels, who performed in the college hall. Of their studies the earliest record is a book of exercises, compiled by Horman, who was master about 1487. Some of the sentences, intended for translation into Latin, throw light on the manners and opinions of the time—such as “children do lerne to swymme leaning upon the rynde of a tree or corke.” “It is the custom that every yere we shal have a May-kyng.” “There be a smal clockis for a chambre to wake a man out of his slepe.” “London speche and rayment is far fyner than Yorke.”

When we reach 1560, we for the first time get a complete picture of Eton life, in the form of a consuetudinarium, or description of customs, drawn up by William Malim, the head-master. From this we learn that the boys rose at five, made their own beds, and then descended to the college pump to wash. Thence they proceeded to the school-room. Breakfast was at nine, dinner at eleven, supper at five, bed at eight; the intervals between the meals being occupied in school-work, with only an hour's play-time, between three and four. They had nominal holidays three times a year, at Christmas, Easter, and Ascensiontide; but they were not allowed to go home except at the latter time, and then only for three weeks. Much of their leisure time at Christmas and Easter was spent in writing - lessons, and in making Latin verses. Many curious customs were kept on various festivals throughout the year. In January took place the procession which afterwards, under the name of Montem, became such a famous institution. On Shrove Monday the boys had to write verses in honour of Bacchus. This custom was continued into the present century, the verses being still called Bacchus verses, though the subject soon ceased to be confined to the laudation of the god of wine and merriment. Samuel Pepys, who visited Eton in 1665, found the boys making verses about the plague. On Shrove Tuesday, at Eton, as elsewhere, a live bird was tormented for the pleasure and profit of the religious bystanders. On May-day some of the boys rose at four, and after receiving a caution from the head-master against getting their feet wet, went out into the country to pick branches of May, wherewith to decorate their dormitory. In later years Long Chamber

was similarly decorated with boughs at Electiontide—that is at the end of July. On a certain day in September the boys went out nutting in procession, having first made verses in honour of apple-bearing autumn, and in deprecation of the approaching winter. “Thus,” says Malim, “learning from childhood the vicissitude of all things, they ‘leave their nuts’ (nuces) as the proverb has it, i.e., laying aside the pursuits and trifles of childhood, they turn to graver and more serious subjects.” We learn from other sources that, before Malim's time, a Bishop of Nothingness was chosen from among the boys on the feast of St. Hugh. The founder also provided, in the original statutes, for the election of a Boy-Bishop on the feast of St. Nicholas, whose authority on that day was absolute. This mummery was common elsewhere; and at St. Paul's School, under Dean Colet, we even hear of one of these boy-prelates preaching a sermon to his comrades on Childermas-day.

We get no exact account of Eton ways after this till we reach the eighteenth century. A document of the same kind as Malim's was drawn up about 1770, and in it we notice not only a great change from the customs mentioned above, but many points of resemblance to the system in vogue now, or at least a few years ago. Discipline, on the whole, was much milder. There was a great increase in the number of holidays, there being, indeed, considerably more than at present. Even in a regular week Tuesday was a whole holiday, Thursday and Saturday half-holidays; while, not only as now was every saint's day a holiday, but its vigil was a half-holiday. There were besides founder's days and court days, many of which are no longer observed. Beyond this the general tendency of society towards later hours for rising, and for going to bed, had duly affected Eton. We find the boys getting up about seven instead of at five; and though the collegers were locked up for the night at eight, it does not appear that they went to bed at that hour. The system of præpostors, one to each form, whose duty is to see that none of the boys are away from school, or from call-over (at Eton known as “absence”), and to procure excuses from the house-masters in case of such delinquency, was much the same a hundred years ago as it is now. The præpostors of Malim's time were eighteen in number, and performed very various duties. Four only

reported absentees from the school-room, four held sway in the dormitory, four in the playing-fields, two in the church, and one in the hall; two were responsible for the oppidans, while the eighteenth had to enforce cleanliness among the boys. To return to the eighteenth century, there is also extant a MS. list of the games then played in the school, some of which might astonish an Eton boy of to-day. The following are named among others: cricket, fives, bally-cally, battle-dores, peg-top, hopscotch, hoops, marbles, puss-in-the-corner, starecaps, hurtle caps, and steal baggage. Of these some are now quite unintelligible, while only the first two would be countenanced by the stern public opinion of modern Eton; though we can well believe that many of the younger boys, if left to themselves, would gladly amuse their leisure hours with hoops, peg-tops, or marbles. But public opinion relegates all games less dignified than cricket, football, boating, fives, and racquets, to the private school, the village green, or the London gutter. Riding appears to have been allowed, or at least practised, a century back, but any boy who was absent from the school precincts beyond a reasonable time was liable to be brought ignominiously back by Jack Cutler, the "pursuivant of runaways," or one of his four assistants, who ranked with the college gardener, the clock-winder, and the rod-maker.

We have passed over the seventeenth century in silence, in order to compare together the two documents which throw light on Eton life in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. But there are one or two facts worth noting about Eton between these two periods. Between 1620 and 1640 Eton scholarships were in very great demand. Sir Henry Wotton, then provost, speaks of one election, the most distracted, he believed, "since this nurse first gave milk," when he received four recommendatory and one mandatory letter from the king, besides intercessions and messengers from divers great personages for boys both in and out, "enough to make us think ourselves shortly electors of the empire if it hold on." People must have considered a position on the foundation at Eton a great privilege in those days, because the collegers certainly can have led no easy life then, considering that, even in 1834, it could be stated in the public prints that the inmates of a work-house or gaol were better fed and lodged

than the scholars of Eton. Probably the almost certain succession to a rich scholarship and possibly a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge, formed a great part of the attraction. The earliest school list extant is for the year 1678, and gives the names of two hundred and seven boys. An old writer was of opinion that under Rosewell, who was head-master at this time, was laid the foundation of Eton's grandeur.

In the reign of Charles the Second, when the plague was very severe in England, the Eton boys were ordered to smoke in school daily, tobacco being considered a great preservative against infection. One of these boys has left on record that he was never so much whipped in his life as he was one morning for not smoking. We hear first in 1687 of a barbarous custom which lasted till far into the eighteenth century. At election-tide a ram was provided by the college butcher, to be hunted and killed by the scholars. A special charge for a "ram club" occurs in some school bills which have been preserved. The chase was sometimes so severe that in later years, to save the boys' legs, the poor victim was hamstrung and deliberately beaten to death in cold blood. The utter barbarity of this practice led to its abolition in 1747; but as late as 1760 a ram was served up in pasties at the high table in hall on Election Monday.

Dr. George, appointed head-master in 1728, numbered among his pupils many of the most distinguished men of letters and statesmen of the time; such as Jacob Bryant, the mythologist, who, according to his own account, won especial fame at Eton for his skill in breaking heads; Horace Walpole, Gray, George Montague, and many others. Sir Robert Walpole, himself an Etonian, was a constant patron of Eton men and Kingsmen. A fellow of Eton, who probably had no great liking for the minister, in recording a visit paid by Sir Robert to the college, with the young Duke of Cumberland, when high honour was done to the distinguished guests, added, "'Tis to be wished that these Performances may be lost and forgott, that Posterity may not see how abandoned this place was to flattery when Dr. Bland was Provost, and when Sir Robert was first minister." He complains that the fellows were not presented to the duke, and had to walk about as strangers within their own walls. Dr. Barnard,

appointed in 1754, was a most successful head-master, and raised the school to the unprecedented number of five hundred boys. His successor, John Foster, though a good scholar, was a cantankerous man, and during his reign occurred, in 1768, the greatest rebellion that Eton has ever seen. He contrived to quarrel with the præpositors on some point of discipline, and they, enraged, threw up their office, and marched off in a body, followed by many of their schoolfellows, as far as Slough. The master was obstinate, and the boys gained nothing by their somewhat extravagant resistance, for the ring-leaders were expelled, and the rest had to submit; but there is no doubt that a little tact on the part of Dr. Foster would have avoided such an outburst altogether. In 1778, a distinguished company, including the king and queen, came to hear the speeches on Election Saturday. Lord Wellesley was one of the orators, and his delivery of Lord Stratford's last speech drew tears from the whole audience. David Garrick saw him in the afternoon of the same day, and said, "Your lordship has done what I could never accomplish—made the king weep." "That," replied the hero of the morning, "is because you never spoke before him in the character of a fallen favourite." Lord Wellesley's younger brother, Arthur, thrashed "Bobus" Smith in a fight, but otherwise did not make much impression on his school-fellows.

From its neighbourhood to Windsor Castle, Eton has always enjoyed a considerable share of royal favour; but no monarch ever took so much interest in the school as George the Third, whose knowledge of its ways was as thorough as if he had himself been educated there. He used to stop and talk to the boys in the street, ask them up to the castle, taking care not to include the masters in the invitation; and when he heard that young De Quincey was going to Eton, he said to him, "All people think highly of Eton; everybody praises Eton. Your mother does right to inquire; there can be no harm in that; but the more she inquires, the more she will be satisfied, that I can answer for."

Probably no Eton name is more familiar to the outside world than that of John Keate, head-master from 1809 to 1834, whose personal characteristics and peculiarities found so humorous and so accurate a chronicler in the author of *Eothen*. Keate had a great belief in the

efficacy, and indeed necessity, of flogging as an instrument of education, and many are the stories told of his exploits with the birch. On one occasion he flogged eighty boys in succession, sending for them in batches when they had retired to bed in the happy belief that they had escaped their fate; and he once mistook a list of names sent in to him as candidates for confirmation for a similar list which he was in the habit of receiving of candidates for the block, and was only the more angry when the victims attempted to escape, by setting up a plea which he considered at once false and irreverent. Keate's dress was so peculiar that it was not difficult to personate him, especially at night. One of the boys was in the habit of equipping himself and prowling about after dark, to the terror of any of his schoolfellows who happened to be about. One night he took a pot of red paint and painted the door of one of the masters, no one daring to interfere, and on another occasion he even went and called absence at one of the dames' houses. Keate disliked ridicule, and once bought up a whole tray of plaster casts of himself from an Italian in the street, though he neglected to get the mould destroyed also. However, Keate, in spite of his severity, was a most efficient head-master, and made himself very popular among his pupils before his resignation in 1834. Dr. Hawtrey, his successor, did a great deal towards improving the system of education, especially in the way of breaking up the boys into smaller classes. In Keate's time the head-master had sometimes as many as one hundred and seventy boys in his own form. Hawtrey, however, had a strong tinge of conservatism about him, and the real regeneration of Eton did not begin till the appointment of Provost Hodgson in 1840. The condition of the collegers had long been a source of complaint against Eton, and this the new provost set himself at once to amend. The seventy scholars lived in those days in four dormitories, of which the largest, Long Chamber, was one hundred and seventy-two feet long, twenty-seven wide, and fifteen high. The boys had no furniture but beds and bureaux; only one servant to look after the beds and fires; no supply of water; and every night at nine they were locked up and left to themselves. It may be imagined that in such a state of things the life of the younger boys especially was a rough one. At the instance of the provost, money was

collected in 1844 for the erection of a new block of buildings in which good accommodation was provided for forty-nine boys, while half of Long Chamber was cut up into separate rooms for the sixth form, and the rest divided off by partitions into cubicles, or, as they are called, stalls, for the younger boys. A master also was told off to live in college and look to the welfare and discipline of its inmates. Since then the life of the collegers has, on the whole, been little less easy than that of their school-fellows.

The college being, as it were, the original nucleus round which the school has formed, it is there we must look for observances and traditions peculiar to Eton. These are now fast dying out under the light of new ideas, but it may be as well to note a few of them here. During the week before Election Saturday, the oak floor of Long Chamber used to be subjected to a system of polishing, known as "rug riding." Rugs were taken from the beds, and made, with a few bolsters, into a sort of sledge on which an upper boy was dragged swiftly up and down by a team of others yoked to a rope. Both Long Chamber and Lower School were decorated at this time with boughs, the seats of the masters being made into bowers, in the construction of which popularity or otherwise was marked respectively by leafy boughs and dry sticks. Till five years ago every new collegger had to drink, or at least sip, a glass of salted beer in hall, as an initiatory rite, on the first day of his admission. There was also a ceremony known as the Hunt for Chamber Scissors. Some boy already initiated used to climb up the wooden partitions in chamber and affect to deposit a pair of scissors on the ledge of a small window above the door. Then the whole body of new boys, from eight to ten in number, were set to scramble after this trophy; each in turn to descend dusty and disappointed, seeing that the scissors were not and never had been on the ledge in question. We are unable to account at all for this apparently meaningless farce, nor have we any clue to its antiquity; but that it was solemnly gone through seven years ago the present writer can testify from personal experience.

But the most remarkable and the most famous of Eton customs was the annual procession to Salt Hill, near Slough, popularly known as Eton Montem. The earliest notice of this ceremony occurs in Malim's account of Eton in the sixteenth

century, from which we have already quoted. We are there told that about the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the boys used to go to the hill in procession, and there initiate the freshmen or novices, by sprinkling them with salt, and describing them in Latin epigrams with all the wit (sales) that they could muster. Finally they bedewed their faces with salt tears, and so, being admitted into full fellowship with their comrades, they marched home in triumph. Salt was always a prominent feature in the ceremony, and, even late on in the eighteenth century, a pinch of salt was given to every stranger who contributed towards the expenses of the day. From this comparatively simple origin Montem developed into a grand and sumptuous festival. On the morning of the eventful day, which, in later years, was Whitsun Tuesday, twelve boys, called servitors or runners, chosen from the college sixth form, and dressed in fancy costume, started off to their stations on the different high roads of Buckinghamshire. They carried satin money-bags and painted staves, and exacted money from every person they met, giving in receipt printed tickets bearing the date of the year and a motto—"Mos pro lege," and "Pro more et monte," being used at alternate celebrations of the festival. Each of these "runners" was attended by a hired, and frequently armed follower. The two salt bearers proper, a sixth form collegger and the captain of the oppidans, collected money in and about Eton; especially receiving liberal contributions from the royal family. George the Third and Queen Charlotte always gave fifty guineas apiece. The salt bearers exacted tribute from every one without distinction. They stopped the carriage of William the Third on one occasion, when only the king's prompt interference saved them from being cut down by the Dutch guards, who did not quite understand the audacity of these youthful highwaymen. All the money collected, sometimes as much as a thousand pounds, went to the captain of the school to help him in his university career; but as he had to bear the whole expenses of the day, only a small proportion of the sum found its way into his pocket. The captain was never quite sure of his captaincy till within twenty days of Montem Day, being always liable to receive a summons to fill any sudden vacancy at King's College, in which case his office would fall to the boy next in succession. On the

night of the critical day all the collegers sat up, awaiting the possible arrival of a messenger from Cambridge. Just before midnight some raised the ends of the beds in air, while others stood by the wooden shutters, and then, as the last stroke of twelve was heard, down fell the beds with a crash, the shutters were slammed, and a deafening cry of "Montem, sure," announced that the right of being "Captain of Montem" was vested absolutely in the senior colleege. Besides the captain all the other boys bore military rank according to their position in school. The next six collegers were respectively salt-bearer, marshal, ensign, lieutenant, sergeant-major, and steward. The oppidan sixth form ranked as sergeants, and the fifth form as corporals. The rest of the school wore blue coats with brass buttons, white waistcoats and trousers, silk stockings and pumps, and carried thin white poles. After absence had been called, the boys marched in procession twice round the school-yard, and thence into Weston's-yard, where the ensign waved the great flag, and the corporals drew their swords and cut the staves of the pole-bearers asunder. The whole body then marched through the Playing Fields to Salt Hill, followed by the numerous visitors, who used to flock from all parts to see the show. On reaching the hill the ensign again waved the flag at the top, and this, after 1778, ended the ceremony. In earlier times one of the collegers dressed as a parson and another as a clerk used to gabble mock prayers in Latin, after which the clerk was solemnly kicked down the hill by his ecclesiastical superior. After the ceremony there was a dinner given by the captain, in later years at his own expense, at the inn close by the hill, and then the procession returned to Eton. An "ode" was composed on Montem Day, containing a caricature description, in doggerel rhyme, of the chief personages in the procession. This ode, though really the work of some wags in the school, was attributed to a worthy known as the "Montem Poet," who was dressed up in comical costume, and sent about reciting the ode, and offering copies of it to the bystanders. Montem was originally an annual festival, but after 1775 was only celebrated once in every three years. It was finally abolished in 1847 on the reasonable ground that it interfered greatly with school work, and also because, after the opening of the railway, the crowds of sight-

seers became intolerable. The great day in the Eton year now is the 4th of June, when speeches are recited in the upper school, and a grand procession of boats, followed by a brilliant display of fireworks, attracts crowds of visitors to the college.

Oratory has always been held in high estimation at Eton, and a good many debating societies have existed there at different times, but none so long-lived or so flourishing as that which now exists, and which, perhaps, owes its prosperity in a great measure to the fact that it is a social club quite as much as a debating society. The "Eton Society," more familiarly known as "Pop," because, say the etymologists, its meetings were first held over a cook-shop (Latin, *popina*), dates from the year 1811, and, to all appearances, is likely to last as long as the school itself. It consists of twenty-eight members; and to be in "Pop" is considered one of the highest privileges to which an Etonian can aspire. Debates are held once a week on topics of general interest. In former times modern politics were excluded; but now scarcely a term passes without a hot discussion on some party question. The meetings are held in a comfortable room, which is also used as a reading-room and lounge for the members.

Dramatic performances were common at Eton in old days, and, indeed, were at one time directly encouraged and superintended by the authorities. In the college audit-books, as early as 1525, we find entries for "players' cloathes," which were kept in a box in the master's room. Nicholas Udall, master at that time, wrote, apparently for his scholars, a piece called *Ralph Roister Doister*, which is the earliest English comedy extant. Malim mentions that in his time plays were regularly performed by the boys at Christmas time, and defends the apparent levity of such proceedings, on the ground that nothing was more conducive to fluency of expression and graceful deportment. All such frivolities were rigorously put down during Puritan sway; but we find them again encouraged after the Restoration. But the most famous company was that formed, without the cognisance and in defiance of Dr. Keate, in 1818, by John Montrie, Praed, Howard (afterwards Lord Carlisle), Robert Crawford, and others. All of these boys had considerable dramatic powers, and their performances, held in a hired room in Datchet-lane, attracted many spectators, including even the masters' wives. Keate, however, put a summary

end to the proceedings, telling the managers that they had been sent to Eton to become scholars, not actors. A subsequent attempt was nipped in the bud by Keate getting hold of a playbill, and calling up the dramatis personæ in school, beginning with the ladies. Since that time there have been authorised performances from time to time as late as the year 1870, but they have been generally found to interfere a good deal with school work, and just now there is nothing of the kind heard of at Eton. Literature has found expression at Eton in various forms, and at different times. The three most famous periodicals are the *Microcosm*, started by Canning and Hookham Frere in 1786, which lived for about half a year, and was reprinted as late as 1825; the *Miniature*, conducted by Stratford Canning, and others, which ran through thirty-four numbers in 1804, and which, being afterwards reprinted by John Murray, then of Fleet-street, is said to have been to some extent the cause of that eminent publisher's success, inasmuch as it brought him into contact with Canning, and helped him to widen his connection; but the most famous of all was the *Etonian*, started in 1820 by Præd and Moultrie, which may be said to have gained a place in English literature. This also only lived during the school-days of its principal contributors. Since that time, perhaps, the most ambitious effort has been the *Adventurer*, which carried on a fitful existence from 1867 to 1872. At present, literature at Eton is represented by the *Eton College Chronicle*, which, as its name implies, is a mere record of facts and incidents of school life.

Those of our readers who wish to know more about Eton we must refer to Mr. Maxwell Lyte's admirable *History of Eton College*, which has formed the basis of this paper, and which will be found full of matter, interesting and amusing, both to Etonians and to general readers.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK V. LADY OLIVE DESPARD'S STORY.
CHAPTER I. A LOOKER-ON AT THE GAME.

"It has happened to me more than once in my life to be the looker-on who proverbially sees most of the game. When I went to live at Despard Court, as the widow of its late owner, who had passed a very short time there, and had known

next to nothing of the places and the people in the neighbourhood, I had assumed the attitude of a looker-on. I had been left by my husband a considerable, though not a great, fortune; I had no children, and nobody in the world to care for particularly, except Barr, my only brother. When Barr was quite a child, he had declared his intention of being a traveller, incited thereto, I suppose, by Robinson Crusoe and Sindbad the Sailor; and when he reached manhood he persevered in his intention. My father and Barr never understood one another very well, though there was no division between them. That his only son should be totally indifferent to the delights of farming, rearing stock, and hunting after an unpretending fashion with a pack of harriers, was incomprehensible to my father, who had a horror of absenteeism, and hoped Barr would at least get over his roaming before he should be called to fill his—my father's—place, and settle down to do his duty as a landlord and a neighbour. Barr, on the contrary, was never quite happy until he had passed beyond the boundaries of civilisation; had no notion of farming, no taste for hunting any animal nearer home than a bison; and he did not like our stepmother. My father and Lady Linbarr lived completely for each other, and, after Colonel Despard's death, Barr and I counted ourselves alone in the world.

I found much to interest and occupy me at Despard Court, but not many strong attractions outside it. Happily, in my nearest neighbours, I found my best resource. An old tie of friendship bound together my big and solemn mansion, Despard Court, and the Dingle House, the picturesque, comfortable small dwelling which nestled in a pretty little nook, just beyond the confines of the park; Mr. Dwarria, his son, and his daughter, all interested me, each in a different way, and I soon found myself on a footing of easy intimacy with the father and the son. Mr. Dwarria answers more completely than anyone I know to the description, "a perfect gentleman." I think, even if I had not soon won his confidence and been honoured with his friendship, I should have readily guessed him to be a man who had failed, on the whole. There was an air of renunciation, of acquiescence, about him; he had evidently laid down arms, not with the least taint of cowardice in the relinquishment, but with a quiet conviction that success was not to be his, though

content might be. His affection for his son, his pride in him, his confident approval of him, struck me very early in our acquaintance. But the outward expression, the demonstration of the father's feelings was checked, as I soon perceived, by the abiding sense that, as good fortune and ruin are estimated by the world, he had brought ruin upon his son. Griffith Dwaris ought to have inherited a fair estate and a good position in society. When I came to Despard Court, the young man had long settled down to a post in Kindersley and Conybeare's bank, and the narrowest and most monotonous of lives seemed to be the only one within his reach. The position had certain exceptional features, derived from the long-existing friendship between Mr. Dwaris and Mr. Kindersley, the head partner in the bank, and also from the fact that Griffith Dwaris had on a certain occasion rendered a great service to Mr. Kindersley and his son, no less indeed than saving the latter from drowning. These things made Griffith's standing with his employers better than in ordinary cases, and in the small and quiet world in which they lived, the family at the Dingle House held a much-respected place.

"There speedily arose between Griffith Dwaris and myself a friendship of the kind which not unfrequently subsists between a young man and a woman who is not too old to be sympathetic, but who is sufficiently his senior to be removed from the "dangerous" category. Griffith Dwaris was a great reader, of the omnivorous species (like myself), and a delightful singer (unlike myself), for I love music with only an ignorant love, which is, perhaps, none the less fervid for that; and he soon became the pleasantest companion within my reach. The girl, Audrey, attracted me last, and least, and was by no means so cordial towards me in the early days of our acquaintance, as her father and brother. I fancy she felt the very natural dread of a girl who had never had the only legitimate female authority, that of a mother, over her, of some usurpation of power, some attempted interference on my part. Discerning this, I made only cautious advances to her, but studied her character and disposition attentively. Audrey Dwaris and I are the best of friends now; and though I cannot say that it was altogether without regret that I perceived Frank Lester falling in love with her, I

have long since reconciled myself to the prospect of their marriage, seeing that, however strange his choice may seem to myself and Barr, knowing as we do how highly intellectual and cultivated his tastes are, Audrey and he are admirably suited in temper and disposition; and Audrey is developing tastes and capacity for which I never gave her credit hitherto.

"Frank Lester is Barr's most intimate friend. They became acquainted on one of Barr's 'expeditions,' when he went as one of a party to outlandish places in North America, and Lester, who was a young medical practitioner, and a favourite with the richest man of the party, accompanied them in the capacity of doctor. Since then he and Barr have been very much together, and my brother was very sorry when Frank Lester, representing that he had neither time nor money at his disposal, but must "buy a practice" with the very limited private means which he possessed, set about to find a suitable locality. I happened to know that there was an opening at Wrottesley—which is said to be a 'rising' place, though, sooth to say, the symptoms tarry—and the matter was speedily arranged. Not, indeed, much more speedily than the other and more important affair which Frank Lester and Audrey Dwaris have arranged for themselves, with the charming imprudence which still lingers, from the old Arcadian days, in nooks and crannies of this pushing, striving, calculating world.

"Audrey, perhaps because she has been brought up with her father and brother, and feminine influences have been only indirectly brought to bear upon her, is exceedingly frank, loyal, truthful, and downright. Barr, who likes her immensely, nevertheless says she belongs to 'the safely commonplace, the refined ordinary,' order of women, who are always, when they marry suitably, respectable, happy, useful, and beloved; and although, perhaps, I rank Audrey a little bit higher than that, there is a great deal of truth in what Barr says. I had a reason for observing with interest, not of a painful or doubting kind, the progress of that calm and uneventful love story, and my reason bears upon the very different events to which I shall presently have to allude.

"In certain respects, Mr. Dwaris's life has been a lonely one. Early misfortunes—of his own creating mostly—and the death of his wife, drove him into retirement. Sorrow, memory, and the fact that the

sharers of his home were two mere children, induced silence, reserve, and the recluse-like order of things, which he broke through in my favour only, and after long years. He took me into his confidence on one occasion, when, for the first time, an interruption occurred in the even tenor of his quiet life; when the echo of the past came to him, and possibilities of a future far different from that which he believed to be in store for his children, unfolded themselves. His brother-in-law, Mr. Pemberton, was coming home from New South Wales, in possession of considerable wealth, in the advantages of which he intended his nephew and niece to share; and he confided to Mr. Dwarris his private hopes and plans for the furtherance of this object in a letter, which Mr. Dwarris placed in my hands. I need not repeat the words of this letter. Its substance was as follows: Mr. Pemberton was not ambitious for his only child—a daughter. He had been deeply attached to his sister, the wife of Mr. Dwarris, and he felt a strong interest in her children. He hoped that bringing the cousins together might prove a means of strengthening the family tie, by the mutual attachment of his daughter Ida and her cousin Griffith Dwarris, and their marriage. Having some knowledge of the 'contrariness' inherent in young men and maidens when they suspect that there is any scheme on hand to influence or persuade them in matters matrimonial, Mr. Pemberton sagely admonished the silentest of men to keep his own counsel, so that the young people might meet without any embarrassment or prejudice, either of prepossession or of dislike. Mr. Pemberton, like a wise man, provided in advance for the possible miscarriage of his projects, by assuring his brother-in-law that Griffith Dwarris, of whose actual lot in life he knew nothing, should have a share of his uncle's wealth, even though he and Ida should not be so accommodating as to fall in love with each other. This letter effected a quiet revolution in Mr. Dwarris's mind. He put it away and said not a word, except to me; but to me he talked with an entirely new freedom and expansiveness of the errors of his past, his sufferings from self-reproach, his just pride in Griffith's dutifulness, courage, and general worth, and the serene pleasure with which he looked forward to the change in the fortunes of his only son. 'Though,' as he said, 'no

doubt, one effect of that change would be to part them, for Griffith would naturally lay out his life on new lines. He dwelt but little upon the marriage project—that might or might not be; he did not think Griffith had ever admired any girl, indeed he saw very few girls—and Mr. Dwarris sagely opined that he was not likely to be much impressed by any of those whom he did see. 'Very ordinary young persons, so far as I know,' said Mr. Dwarris, marching solemnly by my side up and down the gravel walk, in his dressing-gown, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his head bent; 'with no manners in particular, and I should think the very smallest shreds of mind distributed among them.' It was very pleasant to see the eager interest which the expectation of the arrival of their unknown relatives aroused in Griffith and Audrey, and to observe its entire disinterestedness. Audrey talked of seeing London—she had never been there—with her cousin, and laid many girlish plans; but no deeper calculations ever occurred to her, or to her brother. During the interval which elapsed before the news came which dashed all these projects to the ground, I was a good deal at the Dingle House, and in my capacity of looker-on I saw the playing of more than one game. With respect to Frank Lester and Audrey Dwarris, I was given a hint by Barr at an early stage of the affair, and before I had any reason to regard it otherwise than a preposterous imprudence. 'It's the worst kind of case,' Barr said, with that comic wisdom of his which is always at the service of his friends, 'taken at first sight, and everything against it.' But, before the love, which it needed no conjurer to detect on either side, had found words, an event occurred which once more changed the state of affairs at the Dingle House. Mr. Dwarris received intelligence of the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Pemberton. He was deeply grieved for the young widow, the orphan girl, and the sudden quenching of all the hope and expectation with which, after long years, the prosperous gentleman had looked forward to seeing his native land again. And he was profoundly thankful that he had not been tempted to divulge to his son any portion of the projects in his favour, which Mr. Pemberton had entertained. Everything of the sort was at an end now, and happily no one but Mr. Dwarris himself had anything to suffer. It was shortly after the news

of Mr. Pemberton's death reached Mr. Dwarris, that the formerly existing restraint and coldness towards me on Audrey's part gave way to a kinder and more confidential feeling. She was unconsciously influenced, no doubt, by the growth of the sentiment which does away with childish things, with pettish sensibility, and small pre-occupations, and she had come to believe in my simple good will. About this time there occurred a wedding at Wrottesley, which, though without any significance for me at the time, I mention here, in its place, on account of its future influence on some individuals with whom my story is concerned. Miss Lipscomb, the eldest daughter of a land-agent resident at Wrottesley, married a Captain Simcox—who had been the object of admiration and attention by all the Wrottesley young ladies—and accompanied him to Ireland. Very shortly afterwards I went up to London for the season, taking with me Madeleine Kindersley. I had not had any intention of making such an innovation on my customary method of life as a long sojourn in London, but Barr had been seized with one of his restless fits, premonitory symptoms of an 'expedition' some time before, and had set up a partnership in a yacht, which was to be specially constructed in some wonderful way for an Arctic cruise with a friend. He wanted me in London while he should be there on and off, and I found I could do a great kindness to Mr. Kindersley, an old friend of all my husband's family, and whom I also had come to like and pity equally, by taking his only daughter under my charge. At this point of my story I had better 'make a clean breast' of a scheme which was quite unsuccessful, but for which many excellent people would blame me severely.

"I have already said that I dearly loved my brother. I do not think I over-rated his worth, and I can affirm with a safe conscience that I firmly believed the happiest lot that could befall any woman would be that of Barr's wife. I do not, however, pretend to say that the conviction justified my planning to procure for Madeleine Kindersley that favoured lot; though I strongly suspect the great majority of my fellow-women would have done the same thing; and stoutly maintain that there are cases in which the generally odious art of match-making may be practised without either folly or wickedness.

"I know no better test to apply to the fascinating qualities of Madeleine Kindersley than that which consists in the fact that she was supremely delightful to persons so different from each other as Mr. Dwarris, Audrey, and myself. She charmed everybody, yet she excited no jealousies. Mr. Dwarris took more notice of her than he ever took of Audrey—talked more freely to her; yet Audrey never resented the seeming preference—being, indeed, marvellously little afflicted with the smaller vices of self-love and jealousy—but worshipped Madeleine with the thorough old-fashioned devotion of girl-friendship, which is generally unreasonable, but sometimes beautiful. I never was much given to romance and enthusiasm, and had outlived even their mild forms; but they revived to animate my feelings towards Madeleine. No wonder that I should want her for my brother. She was the fairest, the truest, the sweetest, and the best specimen of girlhood within my knowledge, and I always wanted the best for Barr. He abhorred fashionable life, and would rather have looked for a wife in a wigwam than in its select circles. Here was a girl absolutely untainted by the world's foul breath; pure and true, sweet and simple; God fearing, home loving; the gentlest of creatures, yet firm as a rock to do the right; with high courage and meek modesty; full of mirth and brightness, but of a serious mind and steadfast nature, in whose companionship a man might find both strength and rest; exquisitely lovely, with the pure and peaceful beauty which our fancy lends the angels who have kept their sinless place, and perfectly fit to adorn the most fastidious social sphere. What wonder, I ask again, was it that I should have wanted her for Barr?

"My project was never realised, my hopes came to nothing. She never cared for him; and if he ever cared for her, he got the better of the feeling with the first perception of its hopelessness, which came to him before my brilliant air-castle vanished away.

"I ought to have been disheartened by perceiving that Madeleine and Barr were such thoroughly good friends; their unembarrassed cordiality would have settled the hopes of a more experienced schemer than myself. As it was, I cherished them until my brother quietly put an end to them. He had been, I fondly fancied, less eager about his Arctic voyage than at

first, and he took the occurrence (of no moment to my story), which made it impossible for it to take place that year, with so little vexation that I suppose I betrayed my joyful suspicion of the source of his resignation. He looked at me, over the letter he was reading for the second time, put it down, and said, in his own cheery way:

"Oh, that's it, is it? And you are no wiser than the rest of the world. You are all wrong, Olive; there's no such luck for me.' I tried to say something of a disclaiming nature, but he only laughed at me.

"I like her immensely, and she likes me, not as a brother—for her notion of brothers is decidedly unpleasant—but very much indeed; next to yourself and Audrey Dwarris, I believe; and I can tell you I appreciate the position very highly. But there's no love in the question, and there never will be.'

"Well, well, more's the pity,' I said, giving free vent to my disappointment; 'for there couldn't have been anything better or happier for you both. But it is always so; the perversity of you young people is astonishing. You won't marry those you ought to marry, and you persist in marrying—'

"I stopped, arrested by a sudden remembrance, and by my brother's face, in which I read that he too remembered.

"So my first and last little scheme for the disposal of two lives according to my own private views of what would be best for them went the way of many schemes.

"We had a very pleasant time of it in London, and Barr made himself even more delightful than I had previously believed him to be. He was determined that Madeleine should see London in an exhaustive way—which would have surprised the grand folks to whom London means the squirrel's-cage round of fashion—and she saw it after that manner. She was as happy as it was in her nature to be, while any sorrow or anxiety was troubling her father's peace; and this was perpetually the case with respect to her brother. Clement Kindersley had rooms near us, where, I daresay, he was seldom to be found. We did not see much of him, and I was glad of it, for Madeleine was always uneasy and ashamed in his presence.

"During our stay in London, I learned, through my own and Madeleine's correspondence with Wrottesley, that Mr. Dwarris had received a letter after a con-

siderable interval from Mrs. Pemberton, conveying the surprising intelligence of the birth of a son; and announcing the speedy departure of the family from Sydney. They were to sail in the Albatross, and their arrival was looked for in June. Here was another important change in the aspect of affairs. The future of Ida Pemberton was, of course, affected by the birth of the posthumous child. Mr. Dwarris wrote to me, but very briefly and vaguely, and I knew that I should be more fully informed on our return to Wrottesley, which would nearly coincide with the arrival of the Albatross at Plymouth.

"We reached Wrottesley at the appointed time, and I was speedily put in possession of the information which had reached Mr. Dwarris from his sister-in-law. It was contained in a letter, which formed a portion of the contents of the large packet which had reached him. Of the other portions he had as yet acquired no knowledge. He told me this, as he and I walked on the lawn, while Madeleine and Audrey, in all the delight of their meeting, talked over the weeks, whose real eventfulness they so little comprehended, in Audrey's room.

"On opening the enclosure marked II.,' said Mr. Dwarris, 'I read a few sentences, the commencement of a narrative, in Mrs. Pemberton's handwriting, before my attention was caught by some lines on the inner side of the wrapper. They were as follows: "As a last reflection, before closing and despatching this, I would request that Mr. Dwarris should read at first only the letter which goes with these enclosures. Should the arrival of the Albatross be delayed beyond a reasonable time, so that she may be supposed to be lost, then Mr. Dwarris is earnestly requested to read the enclosures, and act upon the directions in No. III. Should the ship arrive safely, but without bringing me, so that my children shall be entirely dependent on the protection of Mr. Dwarris, he is earnestly requested to read both enclosures within an hour after he shall have been informed of my death."

"I immediately closed up the packet,' continued Mr. Dwarris, 'and put it carefully away. And now, it may be, that I shall never learn the nature of its contents. It must depend upon Mrs. Pemberton herself, and on how we get on together, whether she feels disposed to place the confidence in me which she then contemplated.'

"Immediately after this, Griffith Dwarris went to Plymouth to await the arrival of the Albatross. Vainly, as we soon learned. He returned, and a long suspense set in. On the day when it was admitted officially that little hope was felt about the ship, Mr. Dwarris opened and read the enclosure in Mrs. Pemberton's packet, marked III.

"I ascertained afterwards that he remained alone for some hours on that day, and late in the afternoon went out by himself to the beautiful churchyard where his wife's grave is made under the ivy-grown wall of a village church which was old in Queen Elizabeth's time. Hardly twice a year did he turn his steps in that direction. 'Papa feels the fear about the ship very much,' Audrey told me, almost apprehensively. And, indeed, he did. With an awful added solemnity, too, because of what had been revealed to him by the document he had just read. If, indeed, the Albatross with her passengers were lost, then he was the sole heir to his brother-in-law's wealth.

"About this time Frank Lester committed the charming imprudence of proposing to Audrey Dwarris, who promptly accepted him. Her father sanctioned an engagement between them to the infinite delight and relief of the suitor, who was fully aware of the precarious and modest nature of the prospects he had to offer to a wife who must come to him absolutely dowerless.

"'He is a very fine fellow,' said Mr. Dwarris to me, 'and Audrey would be safe with him under any circumstances. I do not think I could have said "No," even if no fairy-tale development of the story were possible—even if it may not prove that Lester marries a fortune.'

"Time passed, suspense became certainty, and the Albatross was erased by the customary announcement from the list of existing ships, as men are erased from the list of the living by one line in a journal. Then, on a fine summer evening, when I had made a discovery concerning Madeleine Kindersley which cleared up the mystery of the defeat of my little scheme for Barr, and which I must have made long before only for the blindness that results from a preconceived idea, Mr. Dwarris told me that he was about to tell his son and daughter the truth. The time had come for doing

this; it would be necessary to act upon Mrs. Pemberton's will, and he wished me to be present. By what appeared to be an unfortunate accident, Madeleine Kindersley came to the Dingle House unexpectedly, and the disclosure had to be postponed until after she had left. I believe that Madeleine Kindersley and Griffith Dwarris will always remember that accident gratefully, for without it something must have been wanting to their knowledge of each other. Mr. Dwarris told his son and daughter that he was the inheritor of their uncle's wealth, and they received the intelligence as I would have had them receive it. An intuition revealed to me the full meaning of the fact to Griffith Dwarris—revealed to me that it meant release, joy, hope, love, and all enhanced by the sense of honourable self-denial and self-sacrifice. Had I interpreted his feelings rightly? I should soon know, for Griffith was to take me home, and I saw in his face that he would speak to me.

"Long and earnestly had Mrs. Pemberton's will, her fate, and the contingencies arising from them been discussed between Mr. Dwarris and myself, while the young people were telling each other their respective stories on the lawn that summer night, when the hedges were set with glow-worms, like starry gems, and the air was heavy with the latest-breathed perfumes of the gorgeous flower children of closing summer. He spoke to me of the other enclosure—that marked II.—and asked me what I thought he ought to do with respect to it? If the general belief was justified by facts, the contingency in which he was to read this document—that of the survival of Ida Pemberton and the infant—could not arise. The mother, the girl, and the baby were alike lost, and the confidence which the dead woman had wished to repose in him ought to be buried with them. Did I not think so? I could not make up my mind on this point; there might be something touching the home she had left for ever; there might be some clue to her own relatives, which would aid Griffith in the search his father was about to commission him to make; it would be better to wait awhile.

"'I will wait,' said Mr. Dwarris, 'and if the time comes when you think well of it, we will read No. II. together.'"

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